643. k 2
9

AN ELEGY

WRITTEN IN

An Empty ASSEMBLY-ROOM.

--------- *Semperque relinqui*
Sola ſibi ----- VIRG.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

M.DCC.LVI.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Poem being a Parody on the moſt remarkable Paſſages in the well-known Epiſtle of *Eloiſa* to *Abelard*, it was thought unneceſſary to tranſcribe any Lines from that Poem, which is in the Hands of all, and in the Memory of moſt Readers.

AN
ELEGY
WRITTEN IN
An Empty ASSEMBLY-ROOM.

IN Scenes where HALLET's Genius has combin'd
With BROMWICH to amuſe and chear the Mind;
Amid this Pomp of Coſt, this Pride of Art,
What mean theſe Sorrows in a Female Heart?
Ye crowded Walls, whoſe well enlighten'd Round
With Lovers Sighs and Proteſtations ſound,
Ye Pictures flatter'd by the learn'd and wiſe,
Ye Glaſſes ogled by the brighteſt Eyes,

Ye

Ye Cards, whom Beauties by their Touch have bleſt,
Ye Chairs, which Peers and Miniſters have preſt,
How are ye chang'd! like you my Fate I moan,
Like you, alas! neglected and alone---
For ah! to me alone no Card is come,
I muſt not go abroad---and cannot *Be at Home*.
Bleſt be that ſocial Pow'r, the firſt who pair'd
The erring Footman with th' unerring Card.
'Twas VENUS ſure; for by their faithful Aid
The whiſp'ring Lover meets the bluſhing Maid;
From Solitude they give the chearful Call
To the choice Supper, or the ſprightly Ball;
Speed the ſoft Summons of the Gay and Fair,
From diſtant Bloomſbury to Groſvenor's Square;
And bring the Colonel to the tender Hour,
From the Parade, the Senate or the Tower.

Ye Records, Patents of our Worth and Pride!
Our daily Leſſon, and our nightly Guide,
Where'er ye ſtand diſpos'd in proud Array,
The Vapours vaniſh, and the Heart is gay;
But when no Cards the Chimney-Glaſs adorn,
The diſmal Void with Heart-felt Shame we mourn;
Conſcious Neglect inſpires a ſullen Gloom,
And brooding Sadneſs fills the ſlighted Room.
If but ſome happier Female's Card I've ſeen,
I ſwell with Rage, or ſicken with the Spleen;
While artful Pride conceals the burſting Tear,
With ſome forc'd Banter or affected Sneer:
But now grown deſp'rate, and beyond all Hope,
I curſe the Ball, the D----ſs and the Pope.
And as the Loads of borrow'd Plate go by,
Tax it! ye greedy Miniſters, I cry.

How ſhall I feel when SOL reſigns his Light
To this proud ſplendid Goddeſs of the Night!
Then when her awkward Gueſts in Meaſure beat
The crowded Floors which groan beneath their Feet!
What Thoughts in Solitude ſhall then poſſeſs
My tortur'd Mind, or ſoften my Diſtreſs!
Not all that envious Malice can ſuggeſt
Will ſooth the Tumults of my raging Breaſt.
(For Envy's loſt amidſt the numerous Train,
And hiſſes with her hundred Snakes in vain)
Though with Contempt each deſpicable Soul
Singly I view,---I muſt Revere the Whole.
The Methodiſt in her peculiar Lot,
The World forgetting, by the World forgot,
Though ſingle happy, tho' alone is proud,
She thinks of Heav'n (ſhe thinks not of a Crowd)

And if ſhe ever feels a vap'riſh Qualm,
Some † *Drop of Honey*, or ſome holy Balm,
The pious Prophet of her Sect diſtils,
And her pure Soul ſeraphic Rapture fills;
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt Beams,
And whiſp'ring WHITF---D prompts her golden Dreams.
And now convinc'd all human Pow'rs are vain,
Alike the IRISH and the BRITISH Swain;
An heav'nly Spouſe alone ſhe deigns t' approve,
And melts in Viſions of eternal Love.
Far other Dreams my ſenſual Soul employ,
While conſcious Nature taſtes unholy Joy:
I view the Traces of experienc'd Charms,
And claſp the Regimentals in my Arms.

† The Title of a Book of Modern Devotion.

To dream laſt Night I clos'd my blubber'd Eyes;
Ye ſoft Illuſions, dear Deceits ariſe:
Alas! no more; methinks I wand'ring go
To diſtant Quarters 'midſt the Highland Snow,
To the dark Inn where never Wax-light burns,
Where in ſmoak'd Tap'ſtry faded DIDO mourns;
To ſome Aſſembly in a Country Town,
And meet the Colonel----in a Parſon's Gown----
I ſtart---I ſhriek----

O! could I on my waking Brain impoſe,
Or but forget at leaſt my preſent Woes!
Forget 'em----how!----each rattling Coach ſuggeſts
The loath'd Ideas of the crowding Gueſts.
To viſit---were to publiſh my Diſgrace;
To meet the Spleen in ev'ry other Place;
To join old Maids and Dowagers forlorn;
And be at once their Comfort and their Scorn!

For once to read----with this diſtemper'd Brain,
Ev'n modern Novels lend their Aid in vain.
My MANDOLINE----what Place can Muſick find
Amid the Diſcord of my reſtleſs Mind?
How ſhall I waſte this Time which ſlowly flies!
How lull to Slumber my reluctant Eyes!
This Night the Happy and th' Unhappy keep
Vigils alike,-----N * * *has murder'd Sleep.*

FINIS.